

AND
THE
WAR
HAS
ONLY
JUST
BEGUN!

-anonyme (2001, New York)
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to
the
lost
children...

The great social body of Empire,
the great big social body of Empire
which has the consistency and the inertia
of a beached jellyfish,
the great big social body of Empire,
which is like an enormous
round jellyfish beached on all
the roundness of the earth...
...is implanted with electrodes.

Hundreds, thousands...such an
unbelievable number of electrodes,
and such a variety of different types
that they don't even seem
like electrodes.

There's the TV electrode,
of course,
but there's also the money
electrode,
the pharmaceutical electrode,
and the Jeune-Fille electrode.

With these thousands and millions of electrodes,
so many kinds that I can't even count them,
they manage the dull encephalogram
of the imperial metropolis.

It's through these mostly
imperceptible channels,
that they transmit,
second by second,
the information,
the mental states,
the affects and the counter-affects
that prolong our universal
sleep.

Not to mention all the
receptors
that are attached to the
electrodes.

The journalists,
sociologists,
cops, intellectuals,
professors and other agents
who... incomprehensibly...
have been delegated with
the task of supervising
the activity of the electrodes.

It's no accident
that at a precise moment
they transmit either a feeling
of terror,
of contentment,
or of menace.

It's advisable to maintain
in the population
a certain level of anxiety,
in order to preserve the
general availability of regression,
the taste for dependence.

No one must free herself
from this infantile position
of satisfied or quarrelsome
passivity,
from the numb comfort
or the groaning complaints
that produce the nasty drone
of the imperial incubator.

They say, "the time of heroes
is over."
hoping to bury along with it
all forms of heroism.

The sleep of our era
is not a good sleep that
provides rest.

It's an anxious sleep
that leaves you feeling even
more worn out,
desiring only to go back
to sleep again,
to escape a little longer
this irritating reality.

There is a narcosis that begs
for an even deeper narcosis.

Those who, by luck or
misfortune,
awake from the prescribed sleep,
come into this world as
lost children.

Where are the words,
where is the house,
where are my ancestors,
where are my loves
and where are my friends?

There
are
none,
my
child.

Everything
has to be
built.

You must build the language
that you will live in,
You must build the house
where you'll no longer be alone.
You must find the ancestors
who will make you more free,
and you must invent the new
sentimental education
through which once again,
you will love.

And all of this,
you must build it upon
the general hostility
because those who wake up
are the nightmare
of those who still sleep.

...supersession always comes
from elsewhere...

Here reigns the rule
of non-action
which expresses itself thus:
the fruitfulness of true action
lies within itself.

I could put it in another way,
I could say:
True action is not a project
that you accomplish,
but a process to which you
abandon yourself.

Whoever acts today,
acts as a lost child.

Wandering governs this abandon.
We wander.

We wander among the ruins
of civilization.
And precisely because it is
in ruins, this civilization,
there is no need to
confront it.

It really is a strange war
that we've entered into.
and that requires the production
of worlds and languages,
the opening of places
the building of homes
in the midst of a disaster.

There is this old notion,
Bolshevik and a little chilly
for sure:
building the Party.

I believe that our present
war
is about building the Party.
or rather, it's about giving this
deserted fiction a new content.

We talk, we lick each other,
we make a film,
a party, a riot,
we meet a friend, we
share a meal, a bed,
we love.

in other words, we build
the Party.

Fictions are serious things.
We need fiction to believe
in the reality we're living.
The Party is the central fiction,
the one that tells
the war of our time.

In the last centuries of the
Roman empire,
everything was similarly
worn-out.
Bodies were tired,
the gods were dying,
and presence was in a crisis.
From every corner of a
world in exile,
resounded the great refrain:
"Let's be done with this."

The end of a civilization
called for a new beginning.
Wandering relieved the feeling
of being a stranger everywhere.
It was necessary to
remove oneself
from this business
of civilization.

And while the infamous
sects were experimenting
with unique forms of
communism,
some looked to solitude
for the necessary exodus.

They were called the Monachos,
"the solitaires," the "only ones."

They settled alone in
the desert,
miles from Alexandria.
and soon there were so many,
these solitaires,
these deserters,
that they had to invent
rules for collective life,
and the influence of
Christian asceticism
gave rise to the first
monasteries.

BUT
FOR
THE
WITCH,
ELSEWHERE
IS
RIGHT
HERE

We can say that the first
monasteries produced
a civilization even more
appalling than the previous one.

Nevertheless,
a civilization was created.

This is to defend and
illustrate the strategic value
of "offensive retreat."

In the art of war,
it is sometimes better
to produce places and friendships
than weapons and shields.

Whoever goes in exile, exiles.
the stranger who leaves
takes with him the
inhabitable city.

...This could only be the
end of a world,
...onward!

Fathers were the first
to disappear
They went to the factory,
to the office.
Then the mothers,
they went to the factory,
to the office.

And each time, it wasn't a father
or a mother who disappeared.
it was a symbolic order,
a world.

The world of the fathers
vanished first,
then that of the mothers.
...the symbolic order
of the mother
that nothing until then
had managed to shake.
And this loss was so
incalculable,
and the mourning so
total,
that no one can agree
to go through it.

Empire is this desire
for a neo-matriarchy
which would automatically take
over for a dead patriarchy.

There is no revolt more
absolute
than the one that defies
this benevolent domination,
this warm power, this
motherly embrace.

The lost children are the
orphans of all known orders.
So lucky are the orphans,
the chaos of the world
belongs to them.

You cry over all that
you've lost.

Indeed, we've lost everything.

But look around us:
we've gained brothers
and sisters,
so many brothers and sisters.

Now, only nostalgia separates us...
...from the unknown.

You go, you are lost.
The measure of your value
is nowhere to be found.
You go, and you don't know
who you are.
But this ignorance is
a blessing.
And you are without value,
like the first man.

Wander the roads...
If you weren't so lost,
you wouldn't be so
destined for encounters.

Let's go away...
it's high time.
But please, let's go together.

Look at our gestures,
the rising grace within our gestures;
Look at our abandon,
How beautiful it is
that nothing catches us
Look at our bodies,
how fluidly they mix
How long it's been
since such free gestures
descended on the world.

But you know...
There are still walls
against our communism.
There are walls within
and between us
that continue to divide us.
We're still not done with
this world
There's still jealousy,
stupidity
The desire to be someone
to be recognized.
the desire to be worth
something,
and worse, the need
for authority.

These are the ruins the old
world has left within us,
and which remain to be
demolished.

Under certain lights,
our fall sometimes feels
like a decline.

Where are we going?

There are the Cathares
who hate husbands
even more than lovers.

There are the Gnostics
who find more charm in the orgy
than in solitary coupling.

There is the Italian bishop
in the 15th century
who was excommunicated
for his belief that any woman
refusing her body to a man
who asked for it in the name
of charity ...was a sinner.

There are the Begards
and the Beguines
who live in collective houses
and who devoted their extreme
idleness to visiting each other.

There are the Spirituals,
who insist that for the perfect
ones, sin no longer exists;
They call each others
brothers and sisters,
and their Valentine's Day is
not a celebration of the couple,
but the day when the married
woman
can go with whomever she wants.

Okay... now, there is
the metropolis.
Appropriating what can't
be appropriated,
pretending to ignore perdition,
playing the main,
the woman,
the husband, the lover...
playing the couple,
...keeping busy.

Accommodating oneself with
the utmost seriousness
to the most painful of
infantilisms.

Forgetting...
in a debauchery of feelings,
the cynicism to which life
in the metropolis condemns us.
And talking about love...
again and forever,
after so many breakups.

Those who say that
another world is possible,
and who don't bring with them
a sentimental education
other than that of novels
and television
deserve to be spat in the face.

ATTAC
sucks!

The most abject state I know
is the state of being in love.

Between loving and
being in love,
there is the difference
of an assumed destiny
and an endured condition.

The question is to know
whether communism is
collective property
or the absence of property.

And then, to know what
absence of property is.

For us, communism is
putting-in-common, free use.

We decide to put in common
a number of our possessions.

What we do is we fill the
outer form of property
with a content that sabotages it,

In other words, absolute
sharing between friends.

What's important here is not
the shared object,
but its contingent mode,

which is always
to be built.

The orgy only proves this:
that sexuality is nothing,
nothing but a certain
distance between bodies.

...There is no
"transition to communism."
Transition is the
category of communism,
of communism as
EXPERIMENTATION.

If I had to define the
wold world, I'd say:
the old world is a certain way
of linking affects to gestures,
affects to words.

It's a certain kind of
sentimental education.
And we really don't want it
anymore.

And if I had to define
the Orgy, I'd say:
the orgy is what happens
whenever someone disturbs
these links between
affects and gestures,
between affects and words,
...and others follow.

We try to extract from love
all possession,
all identification.
in order to be able to love...

In every situation
there's a certain distance
between bodies.
Not a spatial distance,
but an ethical distance.
It's the differences between Life-Forms.

The idea of love, of intimacy,
and all that stuff,
was invented so we could no
longer assume this distance.
no longer play with it.
To prevent bodies from dancing,
and elaborating an
art of distances.
Because every distance
is a proximity,
and every proximity is
still a distance.

A certain idea of play,
combined with the certainty
that we're building the Party,
puts us at an equal distance
from both the couple and
a sordid liberalism.

You see, the Party...
it's bodies that circulate
it's places...and
it's bodies circulating.

Remember,
it's in the depths of separation
that we found communism.

There was nothing left to share
but what we wanted to share.

If you want,
I'd really like
to build
the party with
you...

well,
if you're free.